

Cinderella

Parlesque Extravaganza

By  
H. J. Byron

1860

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# CINDERELLA;

OR,

THE LOVER, THE LACKEY, AND THE  
LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

A Fairy Burlesque Extrabaganza,

BY

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89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)

LONDON.



*First performed at the Royal Strand Theatre, (under the Management of Miss SWANBOROUGH,) on Wednesday, 26th December, 1860.*

# CINDERELLA!

**Or, the Lover, the Lackey, and the Little Glass Slipper.**

## Characters.

PRINCE POPPETTI ( <i>Prince of Salerno, and of pretty Fellows</i> ) .....	MISS M. OLIVER.
DANDINO ( <i>his Valet, and a very deep one</i> ).....	MISS CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS.
ALIDORO ( <i>his Tutor</i> ).....	MR. POYNTER.
THE BARON BALDERDASH ( <i>a slightly damaged edition of the "Last of the Barons," bound in calf, three vols. in one, by no means lettered, and very generally cut</i> ) .....	MR. J. CLARKE.
BUTTONI ( <i>a Page of the "Last of the Barons"</i> ) .....	MR. H. J. TURNER.
CLORINDA ( <i>the Baron's eldest Daughter, an oldish young person of the gushing order, very hard upon Thisbe but remarkably soft upon the Prince</i> ) .....	MR. JAMES ROGERS.
THISBE ( <i>the Baron's second Daughter</i> ) .....	MISS LAVINE.
CINDERELLA ( <i>the Baron's youngest Daughter</i> ) .....	MISS MARIA SIMPSON.
THE FAIRY QUEEN ( <i>Cinderella's Godmother</i> ) .....	MISS KATE CARSON.
HONEYDEW ( <i>a Fay</i> ) .....	MISS LESTER.
<i>Lords, Ladies, Lackeys, Fairies, &amp;c. &amp;c.</i>	

The Scenery by Messrs. A. CALLCOTT and BROADFOOT. The Costumes by Mr. S. MAY, Mrs. RICHARDSON, and Assistants. The Machinery by Mr. SQUIRES. The Properties by Mr. BROGDEN and Assistants. Perruquier, Mr. CLARKSON. The Ballet invented and arranged by Miss ROSINA WRIGHT. The Music composed and arranged by Mr. FRANK MUSGRAVE. The Burlesque produced under the Direction of Mr. W. H. SWANBOROUGH and Mr. C. MELVILLE.

## SCENE I.—A FOREST DREIL.

General rising of the Fairy population—their Queen relates a famous history, and is interrupted by the arrival of a *stray beau*—A charming Portrait in an oak frame—Dandini, being excessively inflated, is eventually blown up—the Prince of Salerno assumes the dress of Dandini, and, seeking change, passes off a light sovereign for its mere *valet*.

## SCENE II.—APARTMENT AT THE BARON'S.

How Cinderella complains that she leads a life by the gal-ley fire, and is called over the coals by Clorinda—How Thisbe lets down the Baron, and how the Prince makes up to Cinderella.

### IMPOSING PROCESSION OF ONE!

How the supposed Prince is brought on, and how the real Prince is taken off—How the Balderdash family is put to shame by the inopportune appearance of Cinderella.

## SCENE III.—ANOTHER APARTMENT AT THE BARON'S.

Great indignation meeting of the Prince with Dandini, who, having tasted the sweets of a powerful appointment, experiences the bitters of a powerful disappointment; and how he is kicked down stairs for injudiciously showing up his master—How Dandini wounds two birds with one heartless-tone—How the two birds fly at each other—How the parent bird interrupts their beak-ering, and keeps up their peckers in a double sense—Un segreto d'importanza.

## SCENE IV.—THE BARON'S KITCHEN.

In which a train of thoughts passes over the sleeper, and Buttuni's tender, missing the junction, arrives at an unhappy terminus—How Cinderella's Fairy Godmother redeems her pledge and "takes her out"—TO THE BALL.

SCENE V.—CORRIDOR IN THE PRINCE'S PALACE.

4

How the Baron is disappointed of his castle in the air, and of his baronial haul—How Clorinda does not go off, but how her admirer does.

SCENE VI.—Grand Ball Room at the Palace.

How MISS ROSINA WRIGHT, assisted by a highly efficient and peculiarly distracting Troupe of young Ladies, executes a

GRAND BALLET!

How all the Company **STRIKE!** How the Mysterious Lady strikes the Prince—How her resemblance to Cinderella strikes the Sister—How the Band strikes up at command of the Prince—How the Clock strikes at the hour of Twelve—How Cinderella, obeying her instructions, strikes home—How a sudden idea strikes Poppetti—How Cinderella strikes in among her rivals—How the Carpenters “strike” the scene, and discover the striking Last Scene, which it is hoped may prove a

CINDERELLA.

TREMENDOUS HIT!

SCENE VII. AND LAST BEING

A GORGEOUS TRANSFORMATION SCENE,

THE DOMAINS OF BEGGERY!!



# CINDERELLA.

---

SCENE FIRST.—*A Forest Dell. FAIRIES asleep; the birds are singing, and soft dreamy music heard as the curtain rises. The day is supposed to be just breaking, and the cold grey of the scene becomes a warm summer's tint, as the dialogue progresses.* HAREBELL, R.; HONEYDEW, L.

*The FAIRY QUEEN enters from back, L., down; C.*

FAIRY Q. Asleep at this time of the morning, elves,  
I'm quite ashamed of you, arouse yourselves;  
Shake off each dew-drop from your eyes, be rising.  
The way you do drop off to sleep's surprising.

*(she waves her wand, and FAIRIES awake)*

HARE. (R.) It's very early!

FAIRY Q. (C.) Very early, drat it!  
You should be up, miss, with the lark, and at it;  
Remember, Fairies, that you have to-day,  
A most important part indeed to play.  
This is a day big with the fates, you know,  
Of Cinderella; sixteen years ago  
I took her under my protection, since  
That time her conduct's tended to convince  
Her godmamma that in her wise selection  
She chose a damsel close upon perfection.  
For sixteen years her sisters—her half sisters—  
Have acted towards her like perpetual blisters;  
But 'midst all trials she her tongue has held,  
Has ne'er been sulky, saucy, or rebelled,

*After Ballet  
Gong*

And now she shall receive the best reward,  
A wealthy fairy monarch can afford.

HONEY. (L.) That's a good husband.

FAIRY Q. Young Prince Poppetti

Is victim to the imbecility  
Of his papa, who willed that he should wed  
Before to-morrow even,—if instead  
He should prefer a single life, why he  
Should yield his valet up his property.  
And though in search through foreign lands he's been,  
One fit to be his wife he has not seen.

HARE. Of course, what right for wives have folks to roam;  
People in such cases should look at home.

HONEY. What's to be done then, ma'am, in such a case

FAIRY Q. Why, as to-morrow is his last day's grace—

And he must wed—I only have to say  
That he must see his lady-love to-day.  
He's in the forest now in search of deer,  
And will, I rather fancy, wander here.

HARE. I wish he'd wander here.

FAIRY Q.

I do not doubt it,

Because you want to hear some more about it. (*horn heard*)

What welcome sounds my tympanum assail?

~~That horn must sure announce my morning male.~~

The Prince on foot! away, breathe not a word,

Your fairy footsteps mustn't e'en be heard. X

*Lights 3/4 down*

*Music—the FAIRIES retire, R.*

*Enter PRINCE POPPETTI, C., in hunting costume.*

PRINCE. I was a fool to stray, I've lost my way,  
But that's no wonder, for I'm quite *dis-trait*;  
I've lost all pleasure in this humdrum life.  
What have I found? I haven't found a wife.  
I shall be by to-morrow in a pickle.  
I've travell'd, searching for the right ar-ticle;

Have been to Spain, but there was nothing there,  
Your Spanish maiden is a dark affair,  
Too flirty, too demonstrative and dancy—  
Can *play a fan*, and they've no *play of fancy*.  
In France some ladies showed a dashing figure ;  
To make a pun that's worthy of a nigger—  
The dresses of the *demoiselles*—their make,  
Oh *dem was el-egant*, and no mistake.  
The only thing against the English girls  
Is they dance so, they spoil a fellar's curls ;  
And an Italian they won't let be aisy ;  
With *la belle Anglaise* you can't *be long lazy*.  
If in America a prince they get——  
Oh, I forgot, that's not discovered yet.

*Song.*—" *Our Bark in moonlight beaming*" (*Lurline*).

PRINCE. About in fancy dreaming

Of one who might make me a perfect wife,  
I've wandered like a " deming,"

Restless, unsettled, sick of life.

Bright eyes have shone with alluring gleam,  
The kind of eyes that appear to beam

With love and truth,

Upon poor youth,

Sweetly, sweetly sad, forsooth,

So sad forsooth,

Too sad forsooth.

Some few are lost and make the blunder,

Their hearts spellbound by wily maid,

While she delighted, and no wonder,

Smiles forth " Betrayed."

(*at the end of the PRINCE's song, the FAIRIES being in the distance*)

FAIRIES. Betrayed! Betrayed!

PRINCE. A strain of fairy music!

(*the echo of the melody is heard*)



Hark again!

Good gracious, what a *start* to meet this *s-train*.

Here, in the forest it proceeds, (*music ceases*) until  
It evidently stops, at Forest Hill.

Of wonder and amazement, am I quite full.

(*looks off, L., in surprise*)

Enter FAIRY QUEEN, R.—~~and the scene is lighted up brilliantly.~~

PRINCE. ~~The doll's quite full of light—it's quite del light ful.~~

Some supernatural chap playing tricks is,

Some demon, imps, gnomes, fairies, elves, or pixies.

(*turns—starts on seeing* FAIRY QUEEN, R.)

A lady, all in gauze, I really—marm—

FAIRY Q. Prince Poppetti—you've no *gauze* for alarm;

I'm a good Fairy!

PRINCE. (*bowing*) Beautiful as good!

FAIRY Q. Thousands obey my slightest wish.

PRINCE.

They should.

FAIRY Q. You are heart-free?

PRINCE.

I am.

FAIRY Q.

Your lot is cast.

Of freedom, Prince, this moment is your last!

(*waves her wand—and an oval opening appears in the trunk of an oak tree, disclosing the face of CINDERELLA—a ray from the sun plays round her countenance*)

PRINCE. (*staggering*) Oh! I'm quite done for! Such a case  
of spoons

Garrard ne'er gilt!—Oh, ma'am, of all gone coons,

Permit me to observe that I'm the gone-est,

I'll snatch her from her nest.

FAIRY Q. (*waving him back*)

'Twould not be honest.

(CINDERELLA smiles)

Is not her smile as sweet as nectar cup?

(PRINCE about to speak)

Say not a word! (*turning to tree*) And as for you, shut up!  
(*the tree closes*)

X. Time Light  
disappears

X. Gong

PRINCE. (*pacing stage wildly*) Feelings unknown before my senses charm.

Nectar! Oh, round her neck to place my arm!

Who can the damsel in the tree, miss, be?

Oblige me by explaining the *mys-tree*.

FAIRY Q. Seek her—you may, ere morrow's even-tide,

Retrieve your fortune and secure a bride.

(PRINCE *turns, L., delighted*)

Farewell!

(*vanishes through the trunk of a tree*)

PRINCE. (*endeavouring to find the way of vanishing*) In vain

would I her exit trace;

She's entered for the Oaks, and won the race.

(*sleepy*) I'm sleepy—that's a yawn—(*yawns*) and no mistake. (*horn heard*)

But that's the 'orn of some one wide awake. (*looks off, L.*)

My tutor and my valet. I'll sham sleep;

~~And be in two senses in slumber deep.~~

(*rests himself on a bank, and pretends to sleep*)

Enter ALIDORO, a sort of Syntax, and DANDINI the Prince's valet, L.

Duet.—Huntsmen's Chorus from "Der Frieschutz."

DANDI. Hunting isn't play.

ALIDO. (*whistles the second portion*)

DANDI. We have lost our way,

ALIDO. (*whistles*)

DANDI. He's so infatu-

Ated with battue,

The Prince would shoot for ever and a day.

DANDI. (L.) We've lost our way it seems; it's most surprising.

ALIDO. (R.) A fool was I to come out botanizing—

To come out here to *green* myself; instead,

I might as well have stayed at home and *read*.

(*his clothes are green with many tumbles*)

Gong

Whistle!

Lift 1/2 Don

DANDI. But we've not only lost ourselves, you know,  
We've also lost our master.

ALIDO. (*obtusely*)                      Have we though?

DANDI. (L. C.) Wherever has his Highness been and got?

Not that it matters—he's a wretched lot—

He isn't fitted for his situation.

Now, *I* was born to fill that sort of station ;

I've taste in pictures, lit'rature, cuisine ;

Though I'm valet I'm by no means green.

There ne'er was child, remarked each proud relation,

Who showed such boldness and determination.

But as I've made my bed so I must lie.

Continuing *bed* metaphor, sir, I,

When quite a child, the blackest draught would drain,

And took my pill—oh! on account o' pain!

And as my youthful *feathers* all unfurled

Seemed formed to make a *bold-stir* in the world.

Little dreamt I I should appear a valet as,

For I seemed born to reign in royal *palliasse* ;

But suddenly the future seemed to frown:

Fortune gave me a quilt, an' I'd a down!

Forth into service I was forced to sally ;

Rose gradually to the *grade o' walet*;

But for a menial birth I am not fit :

I'm quite as good as master, every bit !

I'll bet I'd make a better Prince, too.

PRINCE. (*rising, coming between them*) Done!

I'll take that bet of you; you *shall* be one.

(ALIDORO and DANDINI fall on their knees—ALIDORO, R.,  
PRINCE, C. DANDINI, L.)

ALIDO. Mercy !

DANDI. Oh, lor!

PRINCE. (*severely*) Rise, Alidoro, please.

Dandini, you will spoil your *dandy* knees.



DANDI. (*crying*) Please, sir, it wasn't me.

(*the PRINCE makes an impatient movement, and ALIDORO and DANDINI rise*)

PRINCE.

What have you seen,

My would-be Prince, since you've in this wood been?

DANDI. Nothing but beasts of prey, sir, did we see.

Indeed, this forest might be a *prai-rie*!

PRINCE. What! have you seen no fairies on your way!

(*to ALIDORO*) Not a *fay*, *tutor*—quite sure?

ALIDO.

*Tout a fait.*

Fairies are not in *my* way, Prince, at all;

They neither are correct or classical.

I've a *botanical* enquiring mind;

Don't care 'bout any *gal*, of any kind.

*Retires back, examining flowers, and exits, L. U. E.*

PRINCE. (*bringing down DANDINI excitedly*) Since in this forest  
I did lose my way,

In vain for rest, Dandini, shall I pray.

I've seen her, and she shall—she must be mine!

My heart-strings has she got into a line,

Which in the nuptial *knot* must end—for I

See my life's *race* will finish in a *tye*.

DANDI. (*in a rage, aside*) Gone are the hopes in which I, fool,  
did trust so.

Hang it!—confound it!—dash it!—blow it! (*turning with  
a sickly smile to the PRINCE*) Just so.

Of course you'll please yourself. (*aside*) To-morrow night

Passed, and without his marrying, I might

Come in for wealth which then he must resign:

Aye! and his title might even be mine!—

So says his father's will. My brains I'll rack

To *nail* his Highness by another *tack*.

PRINCE. To-night I give a ball to celebrate

My having come to dwell on my estate;

My charmer will be there, no doubt ; so you  
Shall play the Prince,—you'll look it.

DANDI. (*conceitedly*) Very true.

PRINCE. I will change places with you; be your valet ;  
So you'll attract the ladies, *princi*-pally.

DANDI. (*aside*) I might do that without a change of dress.

PRINCE. Meanwhile, ask all the neighbouring noblesse ;  
(*with ardour*) 'Mongst them must be "the inexpressive she."

DANDI. But I must have a change of toggery :

~~This coat, you will admit, is not the best cut,  
And neither is my waistcoat quite the *West-cut* ;  
I must divest myself of that affair.~~

~~These buckles ain't the thing for *Buckley Square*.~~

PRINCE. You shall be decked in gems of vast expense,  
And be a gem-man in a double sense.

~~Your servant, I, will wait, clean boots, wash glasses ;  
Thus serve a nob, an' ob-serve all that passes.~~

DANDI. Then you'll obey me till you've found La Donna ?  
You pledge your princely word ?

PRINCE. (*shaking his hand heartily*) *A-pawn*, my honour. ~~X~~  
(*the FAIRY QUEEN and FAIRIES appear at back*)

*Concerted Piece. — "The Mocking Bird."*

PRINCE. Be deeming me a valet, a valet, a valet ;  
Be deeming me a valet,  
And be mocking words and actions used by me,  
If she now lives in I-tally, in I-tally, in I-tally ;  
If she now lives in I-tally,  
I may hope for something like felicity.

DANDI. } Feli-ici-lici-lici-ty for Poppetti.

PRINCE. } For Poppetti some slight felicity.

FAIRIES. (*piano*) Feli-ici-lici-lici-ty for Poppetti ;  
For Poppetti some slight felicity.

DANDI. } Listen, listen, listen, listen to the mocking birds.

PRINCE. } The mocking birds are singing on the tree. *Exeunt, L.*

SC. II.]

CINDERELLA.

*X Light up X*

SCENE SECOND.—An Apartment in the Mansion of Baron  
Balderdash—an antique high fireplace, R. U. E.

CINDERELLA crouching in the chimney corner—Music—she  
turns, rises, and advances.

CIND. Another dismal day of doleful dumps,  
Midst slack and slate, and “nubbly ones” and lumps :  
Filing the grate with Lambtons, Wallsend, Hettons,  
And getting well slapped if I put on ~~wet uns~~.

Oh, what would life be worth, if it were not—

For dreams I have of a far happier lot :

Dreams of a youth—I fear it’s very wrong—

A youth such as one sees outside a song ;

A youth who in a pensive posture stands,

With lovely curly hair and tiny hands,

With a sweet simper on his lordly lips,

And natty little boots with shiny tips :

What joy to pass through life with such a creature !

But I, alas ! I’ve not a single feature,

So step-sister, Clorinda, says to vex,

That’s worth the notice of the nobler sex.

But step-sister, Clorinda’s rather jealous ;

Oh, here she comes—good gracious, where’s the bellows ?

*(seizes a large pair of bellows and commences blowing the  
fire vigorously, as CLORINDA, a fussy over-dressed old  
maid, with corkscrew ringlets and generally acid appear-  
ance, enters, L.)*

CLORIN. *(contemplating CINDERELLA with disdain)* What can  
folks find in that girl to admire ?

Now, no one ever saw *me* blow the fire ;

Oh, blow the fire !

CIND. (R.) None ever saw you do  
Anything useful——

CLORIN. (L.) Useful ! that’s quite true ;  
For useful work I’m much too weak and gentle,  
It’s quite sufficient that I’m ornamental.



CIND. My hands are *hornymental* with hard work.

CLORIN. Don't answer me, you saucy little Turk!

~~We're much too good to you, me and my sister.~~

(*aside*) It's more than a fortnight since I kissed her.

(*arranging dress*) Come, has my new *modiste* succeeded?

CIND.

Yes.

It's almost time that *I* had a new dress.

I don't care what it is—however cheap.

CLORIN. A new dress! what, to sit among a heap  
Of coals and cinders, when our pa, you know  
Just at this moment is so very low.

CIND. (*with temper*) Not half so low as *you* to make him lord it,  
~~With balls and parties, when he can't afford it.~~

CLORIN. Oh, I should like to slap ye till I hurt ye,  
Only as usual you're so precious dirty.

CIND. Oh, slap away!

CLORIN. You saucy little fright,  
Why don't you clean yourself, and then I might.

CIND. I'm sorry to deny you that enjoyment.

CLORIN. Come don't stand idling here, find some employment.  
Take my kid shoes, and make 'em nice and white  
With India-rubber, for the ball to-night.

CIND. (*spell-bound*) The ball?

CLORIN. My soiled kid shoes, come Cinderella.  
(*in a rage*) Don't the *kid* choose to do what I may tell her.

CIND. (*spell-bound*) The ball!—

CLORIN. Up at the palace, don't you know?

CIND. What would I give to be allowed to go!

CLORIN. *You* go! ha, ha! the notion makes me laugh.  
The Prince intends to choose a better half.

CIND. (*affectionately*) I hope it may be *you* he'll fix upon,

(CLORINDA *smiles, evidently pleased*),

I shall be so delighted when you're gone. (*turns up, R.*)

(CLORINDA'S *expression changes*)

CLORIN. (*in front*) Now, that is an ambiguous remark,  
Which leaves me most completely in the dark,  
~~Whether it was the bold young thing's intent~~  
~~To check her sister, or to compliment.~~  
It may have been an 'int—at me she'd scoff  
Suggesting I'm some time in "getting off."  
Indeed, I don't create, it's very true,  
Quite the sensation that I ought to do.  
It is in vain—for admiration itching—  
I do my best to make myself bewitching;  
Dress myself in the latest fashions out,  
And now assume a lisp, and now a pout;  
Appear the giddiest of the giddy throng,  
Put on an ogle, and say "Oh! g'long!"  
Rave about Tennyson, with girlish rapture,  
~~In the fond hope that I may make a capture.~~  
But though by Cupid I'm prepared to be hit,  
Somehow the young men don't appear to see it;  
They shrink away whene'er I come in view,  
And seem to think I'm more than twenty-two.

CIND. (*down, R.*) Well, dear Clorinda, if you'll tell me all,  
When you return, about this evening's ball,  
I'll gladly dress you, dear, and do your hair.

(*half crying*) Oh! I do wish that I was going there!

CLORIN. I'll tell you all about it;—this night's dance,  
Papa informs me, is my final chance;  
And if for me some youth don't love profess,  
I'm to go out next week as governess.  
But my heart tells me that Clorinda will—  
If you will use, child, your accustomed skill—  
Catch the most fascinating prince's eye:  
(*with a change of tone*) And if she don't you'll catch it by  
and bye,

CIND. (*aside*) Yes, if he's like my dream, I hope I shall.

CLORIN. The star shall I be of this evening's bal.

*Duet.*—"Beautiful Star."

CLORIN. Beautiful star shall I be to-night ;  
Softly fall my feet so light,  
In Schottishe and likewise Pol-kah,  
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

CLORINDA *dances round CINDERELLA to symphony*)

CIND. Cinderel-la were you dressed in white,  
It strikes me that you really might  
Pass in a crowd, what is termed mus-tar.  
Vanity even in Cinderel-la.

*Repeat 2nd part ensemble.—Exeunt CINDERELLA, R.,  
CLORINDA, L. 1 E.*

*Enter, L. 2 E., the BARON BALDERDASH—a Falstaffian and  
Lablache-like Baron, with a great deal of white beard and a  
pompous manner—THISBE, his second daughter, follows him ;  
she is in an ill temper, and holds a torn cap without ribbons in  
her hand.*

THISBE. (L.) To wear a thing like that—it's an atrocity.

BARON. I'm in a state of impecuniosity ;

My fortune's gone to ducks and drakes, I swear ;

In fact, my bills are flying everywhere.

These ancient walls of my ancestral halls

Must go to meet my creditors' loud calls. (*looking at scene*)

Yes, noble building, every stone and tile

Will come down to "a Jew, thou dreary pile !"

THISBE. Well, if you dressed us as we ought to be,  
By marriage, pa, we might relieve you.

BARON.

*Out,*

I hoped so once : to tell the truth, my dears,

You've been relieving me for many years ;

That is, as far as money goes.

THISBE. (*impatiently*)

Oh, pa !

BARON. Which, I may add, with you's not very far.



But although at all eligible chaps,  
I must admit, you've boldly set your caps,  
A faint flash in the pan is all I see;  
Somehow the caps don't "go off" properly.

THISBE. (*showing the one she holds*) What can one hope for  
from such things as those?

If we've no *ribbons*, how can we make *bows*?

BARON. No, you can-not.

THISBE. Besides, it's lost its shape;  
*Ribbonless*, I should look a perfect *ape*.

A head-dress I can't wear, crushed in that flat way.

BARON. Don't you *head-dress* yourself to me in that way.

(*with dignified severity*) Treat me with more becoming  
manners, please.

THISBE. (*arms a-kimbo*) Treat me with more becoming things  
than these.

BARON. Respect your pa's *white hair*—his aged looks;

*Why* tear yourself thus out of his good books?

No matter, girl, his woes will soon be over,

And luckily there are the Straits of Dover,

Which lead to Calais:—When that town I view,

All other *straits* I shall be *callous* to.

There will I die, despising fun and danger,

Reposing in the country of the stranger.

(*produces a small pocket handkerchief*)

Excuse a tear or two—this home of strife

I'll own is *tearer* to me than my life. (*weeps*)

Girl, I've for many years supported *you*;

Support your father for a moment, do.

(*reclines on THISBE'S shoulder—she struggles to hold him up*)

A child should always be its parents' prop.

I feel I can't bear up.

THISBE. Then you may drop.

(*quits the BARON and exits, L. 1 E.; the BARON falls, and  
lies in an inelegant position, with one leg in the air*)

BARON. There's good behaviour! there's obedience—gratitude!

To leave her father in this painful attitude;  
 Stretched on a floor from carpet quite debarred,  
 It really is particularly hard.  
 My elbows are contused, I've scraped my spangles,  
 I've hurt my ankles, and I've grazed my angles.  
 It's most dis-graze-ful. Here! Police! police!

CINDERELLA *runs on, R.*

CIND. Papa, the Prince is coming, shouting cease.

BARON. (*sitting up apparently dazed*)

The Prince! How now? My senses you confuse.

CIND. Why, you appear knocked over at the news.

What is the cause of this recumbancy?

BARON. I'm very much upset.

CIND. You seem to be.

You well might call police with might and Mayne

That you want *taking up* is very plain.

BARON. (*maudling*) Leave him to die, your bankrupt father begs.

CIND. The Prince is rich, he'll set you on your legs.

BARON. 'Twill be a sweet'ner to life's bitter cup,

If he should marry——

CIND. (*taking his hand and jumping him up*) Oh! marry, come up!

Quick! up the avenue the Prince is prancing.

BARON. Then I must have a new coat on. Entrancing

Prospect, should he fancy either daughter!—

If not, oblivion and rum and water.

*Gradually*  
*Lower Lights*  
 Duet.—“Old Joe.”

BARON. The Baron rather old doth grow;

CIND. (*singing the accompaniment*)

Come, toddle, the Prince is at the gate.

BARON. His head it is as white as snow,

CIND. All twaddle, his highness will not wait.

BARON. The Prince must be at the ball to-night.

CIND. Your noddle is slightly turned of late.

BARON. Marry your sister, and then all right!

CIND. A model is each when decked ornate.

BARON. The old boy's kicking up behind with joy.

CIND. And Cinderella's kicking up behind the old boy.

(repeat the Old boy, &c.)

The BARON dances off, R.

CIND. (*looking after the BARON wistfully*)

They'll all go to the ball, while I shall be

Left here with nought but coals for company.

Oh! how I wish that some one love me would,

For though I'm little, I'm extremely good.

(CINDERELLA retires and sits disconsolately by the fire, R.)

Enter PRINCE, L. dressed as a valet, and looks around, not perceiving CINDERELLA.

PRINCE. It's wonderful how small I think myself,  
Since down from porcelain, I've dropped to delf.

~~People who used to roar at my bon mots,  
Scowl at my jests, now I'm in shabby clothes;  
Those who once praised me as a youth of spirit,  
Won't now admit that I've the slightest merit;  
Indeed, I've learnt indisputably since  
I've ceased, *pour le présent*, to be a prince,  
That if you'd find what seeming friendly folks  
Say of your disposition or your jokes,  
Come out in shabby coat and trousers queer,  
And it's quite wonderful what things you'll hear.~~

Since a *sham valet*, I myself have made,  
I've learnt my *real valley*, I'm afraid. (*perceives CINDERELLA*)

One of the family's domestic members

Sitting apparently amongst the embers.

Come, to discover what she thinks of me,

I'll ember-ace the opportunity.

*Ready m  
Line Light*



Miss—

*Time Light*

(CINDERELLA turns, as she does so, a ray of light from the fire lights up her face, as in the tree in the First Scene—the positions the same)

Oh ! my time's come, there it is again !

"Tis the same face, oh dear, that's very plain.

CIND. (*hardly observing him*) My face, you mean ; quite true though not polite,

I'm well aware that I'm a little fright.

(*starting*) What do I see ! The hero of my dream !

(*waving off the PRINCE who is about to approach her*)

Oh don't come near me, I'm about to scream !

PRINCE. That trouble let me save you thus. (*kisses her*)

CIND. Oh lor !

I feel I am about to scream once more.

(PRINCE *kisses her again*)

CIND. (*slightly offended*) I make myself immensely cheap, I fear.

PRINCE. *Immensely cheap !* No, you're a *little dear*.

Sweet maiden, empress of my soul, don't start ;

Oh ! you have *made an impress* on my heart ;

Let me a bride conduct you to the altar.

CIND. 'Twould not be upright conduct ; sir, I falter,

Tremble, turn giddy, as at some great danger ;

Please to remember that you're but a stranger.

PRINCE. What ! when I've *strain'd yer* to my heart, oh !

(*attempts a repetition, but CINDERELLA resents it*)

CIND. (R.)

Nay.

PRINCE. (L.) That *strain* again !

CIND.

*Restrain yourself, I pray.*

PRINCE. What's your position in this house, dear ?

CIND.

Why,

I am the youngest of the family,

Scrub, cook, drudge, maid of all work, mangler, mender,

My home, the chimney-corner ; couch, the fender.

The youngest daughter of the Balderdashes,  
Has known no childhood's joys, no toys but ashes. (*weeps*)

PRINCE. You'd wish then for a spark with *human* fire,

The *heart's tone* not the *hearth stone* you'd desire?

CIND. Cinders and coals, I'm so accustomed to,

They seem to me to tinge all things I view.

PRINCE. That fact I can't say causes me surprise,

For *kohl* is frequently in ladies' eyes.

CIND. At morn, when reading, as the fire up burns,

The print-to stops—to semi-coal-uns turns.

I might as well read Coke.

PRINCE.

Quite right you are,—

He's very useful reading at the *bar*.

(*chaffingly*) Who is your favourite poet?—*Hobbs*?

CIND.

Not quite.

No, I think *Cole-ridge* is my favourite;

His melan-coally, suits my situation;

~~My dinner always is a coal-d coal-lation.~~

Smoked pictures all things seem whatever may be 'em,

A *cyclorama*, through the "*Coal I see 'em*."

PRINCE. Is there no way from out a path to black?

CIND. There's no way out—my life's a "*cul de sac*."

(*hangs her head dejectedly*)

PRINCE. (*with fervour*) I can suggest an outlet—marry me:

I love you most excruciatingly.

You are an artless maid, deception scorning;

And I'm a *heart less* than I was this morning.

CIND. (*with animation*) I love you than existence better far;

But can't be married till my sisters are,

With pa's consent—unless we do without it—

And look particularly sharp about it.

PRINCE. This tone convinces me, or I'm a dunce,

That I had better see to it at once.

I'm a sharp blade—made more to, by this *tone*

Of yours, my *sharpner*—might I say my *hone*!

*Duet.—“ Priscilla Waltz.”*

PRINCE. Oh, I'm palpitating, so ;  
 You can't think how, my dear.

CIND. Oh, yes, I the feeling know,  
 I have it also here.

PRINCE. Oh ! had you another beau,  
 He should my vengeance fear.

CIND. None ever had I, for—oh,  
 So humble has been my sphere.

PRINCE. (*aside*) Loftier now shall be her lot.

CIND. (*aside*) What will pa say when he learns.

PRINCE. (*aside*) We'll be married like a shot.

CIND. (*aside*) That a bride his child returns.

PRINCE. } Oh, I'm palpitating, so ;  
 You can't think how, my dear.

CIND. } Oh, yes, I the feeling know,  
 I have it also here.

*L.H. Waltz off, ♩.*

*Enter the BARON fussily, R. 1 E., he wears a handsome robe, goes to the leader of the orchestra.*

BARON. Now then, be something martial quickly strumming.

LEADER. Why ?

BARON. Come, I like that—why, the Prince is coming.  
 We've a procession, don't you understand :  
 So play up, *forte*—that's a pleasant band.

*Grand March.—Enter BUTTONI bowing before DANDINI, who is gorgeously attired, and assumes a grand air—CLORINDA and THISBE are showing him great attentions—ALIDORO follows—BUTTONI shouts by himself; at every “Hurrah” DANDINI bows.*

DANDI. (C.) This great reception really does me proud.

BUTT. (R.) If we're not very numerous we're loud.

I'm gard'ner, butler, groom, odd boy, what not;  
 And so, sir, I hurrahs for all the lot.

*(about to hurrah again, when the BARON strikes him)*



DANDI. (*to ALIDORO*) Give the snob something for his trouble.  
(*crosses, L.*)

ALIDO. (*bowing, L. C.*) Yes. (*crosses, R.*)

DANDI. We *little owe*, and so disburse *largesse*.

ALIDO. (*giving money to BUTTONI—aside*) Law, how he flings  
his master's gold about.

DANDI. Fellow, you're welcome, but (*BUTTONI about to shout*)  
You needn't shout.

BUTTONI and ALIDORO go off, R.

BARON. (R. C.—*to DANDINI, with overwhelming politeness*)

What will you take? Too early 'tis for wine ;

Our table ale's considered rather fine ;

It's a cold day, I'll order in some hot.

CLORIN. (*aside to DANDINI*) No! as a friend, sir, I'd advise  
you not:

With your refined taste it might not agree ;

(*aside*) At all events it never does with *me*.

BARON. Impulsive girl!—your highness will excuse her.

(*to CLORINDA*) Ask the Prince what he'll have. (*to DANDINI*)

You can't refuse her.

CLORIN. Bother!

BARON. He—hem! (*smiling at DANDINI*) She's so impassioned.

DANDI. Very.

BARON. She is all artlessness.

CLORIN. (*to DANDINI*) Avoid the sherry!

If you should taste pa's wine in any shape,

You'll *twig his* African and *no es-cape*.

BARON. Our bottled Bass is warming and composin',

And I've just ordered in a half a dozen.

DANDI. To those *composers* whom I most revere,

Though p'raps it's odd, I don't *add Meyerbeer*. (*admire beer*)

To-night's dance let us talk of, and this drop,

Changing the subject thus from *malt* to *hop*.

(*to CLORINDA*) Of course you're coming.

CLORIN. Rather.

DANDI.

Not to mention

Your lovely sister.

THISBE. (*curtseying*) Oh! this condescensionCLORIN. (*curtseying*) Is most— (*BARON and DANDINI go up*)THISBE. (*aside to CLORINDA*) Allow me, please, to say a word.CLORIN. (*aside to THISBE*) Pet, you're too forward.THISBE. (*to CLORINDA*) Darling, you're absurd.CLORIN. (*to THISBE*) My angel, you're a nasty little wretch,  
But if you are a lady, act as sech.*Enter PRINCE, R. unperceived, and comes down, L.)*

DANDI. Has Baron Balderdash no other children?

None save these two?

BARON. (*aside*) He-hem! this is bewilderin',—

He mustn't see that coally Cinderella.

(*aloud*) No others.PRINCE. (*coming down, L. C.*) Yes you have. (*consternation*)DANDI. (*eyeing the PRINCE coolly through his glass, C.*) Who is  
this fella?PRINCE. (*angrily*) Your master. (*checking himself*) Hem! your  
humble servant.

DANDI.

Oh!

Since you our relative positions know,

Don't speak till you're addressed, it gives offence.

PRINCE. (*aside to him*) I'll knock your head off for this insolence!DANDI. (*to BARON*) Pardon, my fellow, he is honest, but

There's a decided fissure in his nut.

(*to PRINCE*) Get out!PRINCE. (*aside*) With anger I could tear my hair. (*up, C.*)

DANDI. Then where's your other daughter, Baron?

*BUTTONI enters abruptly, leading CINDERELLA, R. D.*

BUTT.

There!

Come, fair is fair, and *she* is fair, I say.

BARON. For this affair you go a month to-day.

BUTT. (*heroically*) I've done my duty; hunger I can stand.

PRINCE. (*crosses to R.—to BUTTONI*) Will you permit me, friend,  
to grasp your hand?

(*the PRINCE shakes BUTTONI'S hand warmly*)

BARON. (*to CINDERELLA*) You force yourself unwashed upon  
our view.

CIND. But I was *clean* forgotten, pa, by you.

CLORIN. If in clean pinafore you'd been attired,  
'Twould not have *been a fore* it was required.

CIND. (*appealingly*) Pa, if you'll let me go with you to-night,  
I'll make myself as neat as ninepence quite.

BARON. Go to the ball, child, what are you about  
You're well aware that you must not come out,  
Until Clorinda's married.

CIND. Mercy me!

That is a most remote contingency.

DANDI. Oh! let her come, sir.

CLORIN. (*eyeing her father malevolently*) Yes, pa, only *let* her!

PRINCE. You'd better let her come.

CLORIN. (*with the same expression*) Oh, yes, you'd *better*!

CIND. (*kneeling*) I pray you on my knees, on these rough stones,  
'To take me. You can say that I'm Miss Jones,  
The governess—some distant poor relation.

BARON. (*melting*) This is a most heart-rending situation!  
Clorinda glares at me.

CIND. (*taking her father's hand*) Pa, let me go.

BARON. (*struggling with his feelings*) Let me go, child, my  
final answer's *No!* (*CINDERELLA falls*)

*Concerted Piece.—“ Lucia.”*

CIND. I'm thy daughter.

BARON. (*appealing to CLORINDA*) She doth crave me.

CLORIN. I'm thy daughter—darest thou brave me?

THISBE. Pa, you're in your dotage, surely.



PRINCE. (*aside*) Here's a sight for a lover true.

DANDI. (*aside*) Quite a stirring situation,

CIND. I might not be a relation.

BUTT. I feel dreadful indignation.

PRINCE. I feel indignation, too.

CIND. Say, papa, you'll let me go.

BARON. No, no, no, no! No, no, no, no!

CIND. Say, papa, you'll let me go.

BARON. No, no, no, no! No, no, no, no

BUTT.

PRINCE. } Say, papa, you'll let her go.

DANDI. }

CLORIN. }

THISBE. } No, no, no, no! No, no, no, no!

BARON. }

(*the BARON, overcome by his feelings, falls into THISBE'S arms—CLORINDA into DANDINI'S—CINDERELLA into the PRINCE'S—BUTTONI weeps—picture—scene shuts in*)

*2. To Page 34*  
SCENE THIRD.—*An Apartment in the Baron's Mansion.*

*Enter* BUTTONI, R.

BUTT. And so upon the list Buttoni's placed,  
Of noble heroes who have been disgraced.  
Clarendon, Wolsey, Monmouth, Essex, Raleigh;  
The last one I resemble singularly.  
When Cinderella's sister did attack her,  
Boldly myself I introduced *to back her*.  
Farewell, a long farewell——

*Enter* PRINCE POPPETTI, R.

PRINCE. Contented be,  
You *shall* farewell, my friend, to that I'll see.  
On delicacies you through life shall feed.

BUTT. (*aside*) This upper footman's very mad indeed.

One would imagine were one not prevented,  
By knowing he's demented, that *he meant it*.

PRINCE. (*impatiently*) And now begone, retire, get out, good day.

BUTT. (*compassionately*) It's best to humour him, ta, ta!

PRINCE. (*fiercely*) Away!

*Exit BUTTONI, quickly, R.*

Dandini's airs and graces are too much ;  
He seems to quite forget his title's Dutch.  
Down to his level must he drop, it's plain ;  
He is *low bred*, and must be *down again*.

*Enter DANDINI, L.*

DANDI. Well, Prince, I aped your manner, you'll confess !

PRINCE. *Aped* it ! you *monkeyfied* it, sir ; that dress !

As you've been taking *me* off, my young swell,  
Be quick, take off my suit of clothes, as well.

DANDI. (*aside, with feeling*) It's gone ! my dream of happiness  
is past ;

I felt it was too beautiful to last.

~~Farewell to the bright rays in which I sported ;  
I was a prince, a great man, flattered, courted ;  
Aye, for I held that tempting idol power :  
Held it, alas ! for one short fleeting hour ;~~

The spell loosed, when the rightful owner spoke,  
And with his breath the glistening bubble broke !

(*hangs his head sadly*)

PRINCE. Don't hang your head ; look up.

DANDI. Unhappy wight !

PRINCE. And then look up my dress clothes for to-night.

See that they're brushed, and try to look more pleasant.

DANDI. (*aside, with concentrated rage*) Yes, I'll conceal my dark  
thoughts for the present ;

Stifle the hate that wellnigh chokes my breathing,  
Cool the hot passions that are boiling—seething ;

Be for a time the lackey, menial dresser,  
But ere to-morrow's dawn!— (*smiling to PRINCE*) Dress  
clothes, sir, yes, sir! (*up stage*)

PRINCE. (*crosses, L.*) ~~But will she come?—without whom,~~  
joyless, grim,  
Will be the ball—the candelabras dim—  
The supper stale—wine flat—the coffee be  
A snare, delusion, and a *mocha-rie*.

*Duet.—“So Early in the Morning.”*

PRINCE. Oh! if her sisters from my sight  
Should keep her, I'm determined quite  
To lead a life of single woe;  
My young heart for her loss will go—  
So early into mourning,  
So early into mourning,  
So early into mourning,  
For lost Cinder-el-la!

DANDI. (*aside*) A day for vengeance soon shall come,  
But I'll be for the present, mum!  
Conceal my rage, hurt, pride, and hate,  
Until it's time to agitate.

So till I give him warning,  
So till I give him warning,  
So till I give him warning,

I'm still his smart valet. (*repeat ensemble*)

*Exit PRINCE, L.—DANDINI going, R., is met by THISBE  
and CLORINDA, R. 1 E.*

DANDI. (*aside*) Gracious! when they discover what I've done!

CLORIN. “*Too daring Prince—Ah! whither would'st thou run?*”

THISBE. Are you already tired of our society?

(DANDINI *crosses to C.*—THISBE, R., CLORINDA, L.)

DANDI. (*taking THISBE's hand, R.*) With such companions  
could I seek variety?

Upon such beauty daylight never shone.



CLORIN. (*irritated at DANDINI's attentions to THISBE*) He's either  
"off it," or a little "on."

As elder sister it is very clear

That I must drop an int, an' interfere.

Your Highness quite forgets that *I* am here.

DANDI. (*flies to CLORINDA*) Forget *you* for a moment, sweet  
Clorinda!

CLORIN. (*amiably*) Thisbe, my child, you'd best look out o'  
winder,

Or in the garden take a healthy run;

For two is company, but three is none.

~~THISBE. Then leave us two young hearts, and go yourself, dear.~~  
(*crosses, C.*)

You're well aware you're getting on the shelf, dear.

CLORIN. (*aside*) She thinks to soothe me with a brace of dears;  
~~When in my teeth, she goes and throws my years.~~

THISBE. Your Highness shall decide which is to stay.

DANDI. (C.) I solve the difficulty thus—Good-day.

*Bows and exits, R.*

THISBE. (*aside*) He didn't wish to wound her, thoughtful man!

CLORIN. (*aside*) To save her feeling, a judicious plan.

She little knows the things he's said to *me*.

THISBE. (*aside*) When she learns all, how spiteful she will be!

*Concerted Piece.—Air, "Teatotal Family."*

CLORIN. Your behaviour, Miss Thisbe, is quite indefensible.

To your vulgar appearance you seem most insensible.

THISBE. Oh, pray look at home, if you talk of vulgarity.

CLORIN. You know when you don't dye your hair that it's  
carrotty.

THISBE. Clorinda, your juvenile way, 'pon my word, it is  
Really absurdest of all known absurdities.

CLORIN. You're droll to remark when you marrying chaps  
see come;

Before folks you're honey; in private you're capsicum!

*Chorus—Ensemble—Fol-de-rol!*

CLORIN. You appear to forget that I'm older than you, my dear.

THISBE. Whenever you're present that fact is in view, my dear.

CLORIN. If you were not my sister, my own flesh and blood,  
my dear,

I should very much like to well slap you I *shud*, my  
dear.

But you know that I'm delicate, tender, and fragile as  
Any verbena, while you're strong and agile as  
Goat or Welsh pony—to rate me, 'taint right o' you,  
(*faintly*) When you know that I haven't the nerve to  
reply to you.

(*with great energy*) Fol-de-rol, &c.

*Enter* BARON.

BARON. (*continuing the song*) Remarkably sisterly conduct,  
I'm sure, my dear.

Clorinda—disgraceful! Miss Thisbe—the *door*, my  
dear!

And if I again am disturbed by such rows, my dears,  
I'll at once turn the pair of you out of the *hows*,  
my dears.

Always a snapping and snarling and bickering;  
One would imagine you both had been liquoring.

Come, come; make it up, girls, and bow my correc-  
tion at;

You know, that although I'm severe, I'm affectionate.  
Fol-de-rol, &c.

*Exeunt* THISBE and CLORINDA, R. and L.

BARON. (*gazing after them with affection*) Sweet girls! to be  
severe to them pains *me* so,

But Barons in burlesque are forced to be so.

*Enter* DANDINI L., *cautiously, comes down and takes the*  
BARON'S arm.

DANDI. (R.) Baron, your ear.

BARON. (R., *obtusely*) I am.

DANDI. (L.) Bah ! please to lend——

BARON. (*quickly*) Oh, anything, save money, my dear friend.

Fortune to me's been an ungenerous witch,  
Though this old goose is *stuffed* he isn't *rich*.

DANDI. I'm not in mood for any small facetiæ,  
I neither want your speeches or your specie.

(*brings him down mysteriously*)

I simply want——

BARON. (*uneasy, but pleased—aside*) The anxious moment's  
coming.

(*aloud*) Cheer up, fond youth, cease ha-ing, and stop  
humming ;—

I give my free consent—Which of the two ?

Bless you my children, there, if that will do.

(*as the BARON stretches out his hand, DANDINI seizes it*)

*Duet.*—" *Un segreto d'importanza. Cenerentola.*"

DANDI. Un segreto d' importanza,  
Which affects this extravaganza,  
I will now reveal to you.  
I will now reveal to you.

(DANDINI *looks round cautiously, then sings*)

*Laughing Trio.*—" *Rose of Castile.*"

DANDI. (L.) I'm not the Prince,

BARON. (R., *starting*) Ha, ha !

DANDI. You I'll convince,

BARON. (*faintly*) You are——

DANDI. Valet ! (BARON *overcome*) You wince, ha, ha !

BARON. (*in an agony of rage*) Ha, ha, ha, ha !

*Air.*—" *Literary Dustman.*"

DANDI. (*quickly*) Sir, Dandini is my name,

Naples is my nation,

Master made me for a game,

Take his situation.



But to-night 'twill all be square  
 When you're at the palace,  
 For his Highness doesn't bear  
 You the slightest malice.

BARON. (*slowly*) Fondly did I think my girls  
 Had turned the Prince's head, sirs.  
 Here have I been casting pearls  
 To porcine quadruped, sirs.  
 Bills I've paid for schooling grand,  
 Brought me nigh to ruin,  
 Thirty pounds, six towels, and  
 A silver fork and spoo-in.

*Goto Page 39 Whistle* (*a characteristic dance, and off, L.*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Kitchen—a Window through which is seen  
 the window of the Palace.*

CINDERELLA *asleep at the fire*—BUTTONI *watching her.*

BUTT. She sleeps ; I wonder very much if she,  
 In peaceful slumber dreaming is of me.

(CINDERELLA *murmurs*)

She speaks ! Is it of me ? (*rhapsodically*) Befriend me, Cupid !  
 Hush !

CIND. (*in her sleep*) You unmitigated little stupid !

BUTT. Ho—hem ! that isn't me—yet dreams, it's said,  
 Should be *contrarywise* interpreted.

"Unmitigated little stupid," p'raps,

In that case means the pleasantest of chaps.

CIND. (*waking*) Where am I ? Oh, at home ! Buttoni !

BUTT.

Yes !

CIND. I dreamt that I was decked in gorgeous dress ;  
 With gems and jewels—oh ! in such profusion !  
 And 'midst a scene of glittering confusion,  
 A youth, in whose toilet there were no faults,  
 Whirl'd me round wildly in the giddy *valse*.

I wake, alas ! to life's far different round,  
Is these the dullest vaults that could be found.

BUTT. (*aside*) Alas ! with all her *vaults* I love her still !  
(*rapturously*) Oh, make me happy, Miss, do say you will.  
Love in a "Buttons" may appear a riddle ;  
I know I'm *but an* 'umble indiwiddle,  
But still my heart's in the right place—I mean  
That you have got it, as you must have seen.  
(CINDERELLA *turns aside*)

Oh, don't be deaf as *post*, Miss, I beseech you ;  
Let the memorial of this sad page reach you ;  
Don't stop it's course by letting pride prevail,  
Or *wrong de-livery* of *this mourning male*.

CIND. Impossible !

BUTT. (*severely*) Some rival has your heart ! (CIND. *starts*)  
My sweet—my very *sweet* one—why thus *s-tart* ?  
Come, come—confess—who is it, I entreat ?  
*Sweet* girl, come *to't* at once—in fact, *tout de suite* !

*Duet.*——"Toll the Bell" (*Christy's*).

BUTT. My wages here are trifling,  
And I've to find my tea ;  
They give me only once a year  
A suit of livery.  
The table beer's atrocious,  
And don't with me agree ;  
And what makes me endure it  
But the love I bear for thee ?  
Oh ! Cindere*l*-la, say that you'll be mine !

CIND. Sorry, but I really must decline.  
In truth, my troth is plighted.

BUTT. Then, if that's the case——

CIND. It's true !

BUTT. I go away

A month to day. Adoo ! adoo ! adoo !

*Rushes off, R.*

CIND. What could he see to like in *me*, I wonder?

(*light music in the distance*)

*Open Slides* What's that? ~~the~~ the music at the palace yonder!

Look! chandeliers light up the Prince's salle!

(*the palace is seen to be illuminated*)

What would I give to be there!

*Close Slides*

*Enter FAIRY QUEEN, suddenly, L., through the chimney opening.*

FAIRY Q.

So you shall!

CIND. (*looking at her*) Some peeress! What a strange way to appear.

FAIRY Q. I am your fairy godmamma, my dear.

Your sisters, as of course I needn't tell'ee,

Don't use you well—at least not *u-su-elly*;

And you've been under, as, poor child, you know,

Clorinda's thumb.

CIND.

Both thumbs.

FAIRY Q.

Yes, hithertoe.

You thought your lover was a *valet*?

CIND.

Yes.

FAIRY Q. He with his servant-man had changed his dress;

He's in reality the young Prince Poppetti.

CIND. What! the possessor of the neighbouring property?

Ah! he a valet didn't seem to be.

His claims, of course, are valid upon me;

~~And I shan't lose my spirits and die early,~~

As did the young spouse of the Earl o' Burleigh.

There's such a hurly-burly here. (*clasps her head*)

FAIRY Q.

No doubt.

Have you a pumpkin anywhere about?

CIND. Here's one.

FAIRY Q.

'Tis well; that mouse-trap on the floor—

How many mice does it contain, child?

CIND. (*in astonishment*)

Four!



FAIRY Q. The very number—now a rat or two.

CIND. I wonder what you're at, ma'am, that I do.

FAIRY Q. No questions!—ope your eyes, you'll see that I,  
My friendly promises will ratify.

You'll want a coachman too, of course, to drive.

*(touches the RAT which changes into a little COACHMAN)*

And, now a coach—hey, presto! look alive!

*(the PUMPKIN and MICE turn into a COACH drawn by PONIES)*

There are two lizards on the window sill,

Change into footmen, at my magic will!

*(two little FOOTMEN appear)*

CIND. *(half crying)* Please, I'm so frightened—feel so scared,  
and strange.

FAIRY Q. The charms of dress will work a wondrous change.

*(waves her wand—CINDERELLA'S shabby clothes vanish,  
and she appears clothed in the most brilliant manner)*

CIND. *(looking delighted at her new things)* How different from  
those I had before:

*(proudly)* You lackey fellow, ope the carriage door!

*(the FOOTMEN open the door and let down the steps)*

FAIRY Q. Go! for the Prince doth with impatience burn;  
But at the hour of twelve o'clock return.

CIND. Return at twelve!

FAIRY Q. *(through piano music)* I'm well aware it's trying.

If fifty partners for your hand are sighing,

Fifty most complimentary young monkeys;

If fifty ices held by fifty flunkies

Tempt you to stay—if fifty flattering speeches,

All about ruby lips, and cheeks like peaches,

Turn your young head—and past the time you stay,

Your finery will shrivel and decay;

But if my fairy mandate you obey,

To-morrow, child, shall be your wedding-day!

*(the scene closed in)*

*Whistle  
to the Prince. 2nd.*

SCENE FIFTH.—*Corridor in the Palace.*

*Music heard suggestive of dancing in the adjoining ball room.*

*Enter the BARON, agitated, L.*

BARON. By Jove! this is a pretty state of things :  
Two blooming daughters a fond father brings,  
In hopes that one of them will charm the Prince ;  
But, 'pon my life, the fellow, ever since  
This unknown lady's come, has cut them quite ;  
This interloper is past favourite ;  
Clorinda, a bad second, on my word ;  
And Thisbe, a most miserable third.  
*I'm nowhere!*—not at the supper even *placed* ;  
From off the cards the *Baron's* scratched—e-raced.  
Though he's no seat, with sauce he'll not be treated—  
He'll *stand no airs*, although he's *nowheres seated*.  
This Baron's terrible when once he flies out.

*Enter CLORINDA, L., in a towering passion.*

CLORIN. The hussy! Pa! Oh, I could tear my eyes out!

BARON. (R.) Do so, and get a pair that will attract.

CLORIN. By my own parent on my looks attacked.

Oh, misery! what further can I do?

I've sung him all the songs I know.

BARON. Yes, two.

CLORIN. Well, but I've sung them both so many times,  
That all the company have learnt the rhymes ;  
I've pulled at crackers with him, squeezed his hand,  
Done all I could to get my fish to land ;  
But every time my clutch he's wriggled through.

BARON. It seems to me that he's a *wiggler* do.

CLORIN. It's quite impossible of explanation ;

Look at the object of his admiration—

A wretched little minx—you scarce could tell her,  
Except by her fine clothes, from Cinderella.

BARON. Well, I believe if Cinderella were  
Dressed out as you are, she'd look very fair.  
Her eyes are good, she's pretty hands and feet,  
Her figure's passable, although petite.  
CLORIN. Pooh! Some refreshments! Pa, I'm rather ill.

*Enter DANDINI, door, L., in a handsome dress.*

DANDI. (C.) Baron, you're wanted for the next quadrille.

CLORIN. (L.) Say, is the Prince engaged?

DANDI. Ma'am, I'm afraid he  
Is booked ten deep to this mysterious lady,  
Whose charms of person, grace, and conversation,  
Have in all hearts produced a palpitation.  
The way in which she danced, in which she sung,  
Her laugh, her voice, her dress, her——

CLORIN. (*unable to control her mortification*) Hold your tongue!  
Pa, take me home, from this vile palace snatch me.

BARON. What, go away before the supper?—catch me!

CLORIN. Catch me!

(*faints in BARON'S arms—DANDINI goes round, R.*)

BARON. (*struggling*) So anxious I ne'er felt, I vow,  
To get my daughter off my hands as now.  
Take her. (*places her in DANDINI'S arms, R. C.*) I'll hide  
my bitterness and gloom

In the calm shades of the refreshment room! *Exit, L.*

DANDI. (*aside*) Gone are her princely hopes; I don't see why  
She shouldn't view *me* with a friendly eye.

Here goes. (*rapturously gazing on CLORINDA'S face*) How  
beautiful she looks! Recline

For ever on this happy arm of mine.

Though she each tender orb of vision closes,  
Look at the depth of thought that in her nose is.

Yes, it is most reflective, though *retrousee*,  
Her half op'd lips disclose one pearly toussy.

But stay, she breathes—revives——



CLOPIN. (*recovering*) Who! who are you?  
(*starting*) Can I believe my eyes!—a lackey!

DANDI. True.

(*with passion*) A lackey! sold to slavery and stripes!  
One who clothes brushes, chairs and tables wipes,  
One forced to bow to blows, to smile at scars,  
(*coming down to common place*)

Like Mr. Fechter, ma'am, in *Ruy Blas*.  
But though as *Ruy Blas*, me you may view, eh!  
Pray recollect that I'm no *blasé roué*.

No done-up duke, no effete man of fashion, (*kneels*)  
Who at her feet pleads his rococo passion.  
You took me for a prince, remember, ma'am;  
Oh, lady, take me now for what I am.

CLOPIN. (*aside*) A governess's situation's not  
By any rules an enviable lot:  
And marriage, on the other hand, is by  
Those who have tried it termed a *lot awry*.  
Papa will make me my own living earn;  
Suppose I from a world of worrit turn,  
And be a *nun in white*, my beauty bury!  
Oh, that's an *un-in-whiting* prospect—very.

(*turning to him with overwhelming affection*)

Young man, I'm yours!

DANDI. (*staggered*) Quite overpowering, really!

CLOPIN. The rhyme's not perfect, but I love you dearly,  
And I repeat, I'm yours. (*leans on his arm*)

PRINCE. (*without, L.*) Dandini! Dandini!

DANDI. (*attempting to go*) The Prince is calling.

CLOPIN. List to the call of love! (*slips*) Young man, I'm falling.  
Leave me, when there are other lackeys—lots,  
Like Valentina in the *Huguenots*. (*clutches him*)  
Oh, *you go not*, young man!

DANDI. The voice of duty——

CLOPIN. Bother! compare it to the voice of beauty!

*Duet.*—"Huguenots."

DANDI. I must go—master calls!

DANDI. } I must go—master calls!

CLORIN. } Stay, or dead Clorinda falls.

DANDI. Leave your hold I must away,  
I my master must obey.

CLORIN. } Sir, I die, if you spurn me,  
My love scoffing, rage doth burn me!

DANDI. } Yes must I, or off he'll turn me,  
A month's warning you would earn me.

DANDI. I'm a lackey, and must go,  
Though fain would I stay longer here.  
I'm a lackey, and must go,  
Though fain would I stay longer here.

*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE SIXTH.—*The Ball Room, magnificently decorated and lighted. GUESTS in gorgeous costumes promenading, SERVANTS in rich liveries, handing ices and refreshments.*

### GRAND BALLET.

*Commences as the scene opens—at its conclusion, the PRINCE, elegantly attired, leads CINDERELLA down, C.*

PRINCE. Sweet Cinderella, bounteous has been  
That generous darling of a Fairy Queen.  
My joy's intoxicatingly sublime,  
But none must know all till the proper time.

CIND. (R.) You know I loved you for yourself alone.

PRINCE. I saw you 'mongst the embers first my own;  
One glance stamped here—one rapid observation,  
Your *lineaments* upon that *ember occasion*.  
Don't you rem-ember it?

CIND. Canst ask me, Prince?

This morning——

PRINCE. Ah, so much has happened since!

CIND. Yes; I've come out, although it's not for long.

PRINCE. Yes, dear, and you've come out extremely strong.

CIND. ~~One *should* be strong for such *deux-temps* to stand.~~

PRINCE. (*aloud for company to hear*) Might I again solicit that fair hand?

The next dance on the cards is the *Gorlitz*.

THIBSE. (*coming forward* L. C.) This is too much for patience, stop a bit, sir!

~~You've danced six times already with this *lady*.~~

BARON. (L.) Prince, your behaviour is both cool and shady.

PRINCE. Well, Baron, if the plain truth must be told,

The fact is both your daughters are too old.

Had you a child about the age, for instance,

Of *this* fair lady, (*indicating CINDERELLA*) gladly would your Prince dance

With her, until of breath he'd lost each particle.

BARON. Good gracious me! I've got the very article!

My youngest child—my Cinderella, who

Bears a most strong resemblance, miss, to *you*.

Here, some one, quick, my youngest daughter fetch!

PRINCE. (*terrified*) What! Do you mean that coally little wretch

In shabby ragged gown replete with holes,

Shoes that have lost the dignity of soles;

That dingy little creature you refused

To bring to-night, that snubbed and much abused

Small slattern, servant maid?

CIND. How very low!

Prince, if you have such company, *I* go.

I couldn't think of stopping e'en to sup

Meet a domestic! horror. (*aside to PRINCE*) Keep it up.

BARON. (*with contrition*) Oh! Baron Balderdash, you poor old fool!

You should have sent your youngest child to school,

To learn to read and write, to dance and sing;

She'd look as well, figged out, as that proud thing;



And would have charmed the Prince's eye, no doubt.

My feelings overcome me quite—get out!

*(kicks a tall GRANDEE who is standing, L.—the GRANDEE is enraged—and the BARON goes up stage apologising to him—ALIDORO comes down to THISBE)*

ALIDO. Excuse me, madam, as you don't appear

To meet with much attention here,

Might I suggest a rubber or écarte,

As you are not what's termed a dancing party?

THISBE. *(affectedly)* Oh! yes, I am. *(aside)* He's old, it may be said,

But half a loaf is better than no bread.

*(coquettishly)* Say, will you waltz?

ALIDO. *(assuming a youthful air)* Well, you must be my teacher?

THISBE. Oh, go along. *(takes his arm)*

ALIDO. Ha! ha! *(aside)* Entrancing creature. *(retires up)*

PRINCE. A dance! the interval's by no means brief.

*(clock commences striking)*

CIND. The clock! What, twelve so soon! I'm off!

*Gathers up her train, crosses, and runs off, C.*

PRINCE. *(in dismay)*

Stop thief! *(goes up)*

She's gone, *(in a heartbroken tone)* and all my heart has gone with her.

CLORIN. *(advancing from L. to the PRINCE)*

Allow me to console you, noble sir:

If you will only take me for your bride

I won't run off—I'll never quit your side.

Clorinda's depth of love, you ne'er can know;

Give up this new suit—turn to your old Clo.

PRINCE. Away!

*Enter DANDINI hurriedly, C.*

DANDI.

In vain, sir, did we try to stop her,

I interposed myself, but got a topper,

Here on my head, which even now is ringing.

And, in a solo from that topper, a-singing.

But, in her haste, she left here in the hall

This crystal slipper. (*hands the PRINCE a glass slipper*)

PRINCE. (*seizing it, R. C.*) Glass—and, oh, how small!

BARON. (L. C.) A slipper, humph!—well, it appears to me,  
Her conduct's altogether slippery!

CLORIN. (L., *looking at it with contempt*) I call the slipper  
large—indeed gigantic!

PRINCE. Indeed! Come, I've a notion most romantic:

Come, ladies, listen all! (*all down*) She who can place  
Her foot within this tiny trotter-case,  
Shall be my wife!

ALL. Your wife?

PRINCE. Must I repeat?

My wife!

BARON. (*aside*) So small are both my childrens' feet,  
They'll slide the slipper on like any glove.

Thisbe, suppose you try the first, my love.

(DANDINI *places cushion with slipper, C., and goes, R.*—

THISBE *crosses, attempts to place her foot in slipper in vain—all look on with breathless attention*)

THISBE. Oh, dear, it won't go on!

BARON. (*anxiously*) It will, I'm poz.

THISBE. Oh, pa!—it's smaller than I thought it was!

The fit I quite imagined would be fine;

But I can *stow* away this *toe* of mine.

BARON. Give it a steady push, and there you are.

THISBE. (*breaking down*) No, it's a feat I can't accomplish, pa!  
(*gets up in a passion and goes, R.*)

BARON. Ungrateful girl! (*to CLOR.*) On *you* our prospects rest.

CLORIN. (*going to chair*) You may be sure Clorinda'll do her best.  
(*trying and failing*) Of this child's toy, who was the  
mad shoe-maker?

BARON. (*in agony*) Weak girl!—remember what we owe the  
baker.

CLORIN. (*crying out as if hurt*). My heel ! my heel !

BARON. (*aside to her*) Think of the Prince's tin.

Come, give your heel a stamp, and *he'll* go in.

(CLORINDA *gives it up in despair*)

To grow such heels when you've lived so genteelly,

You might have rusticated down at *Ely*.

CLORIN. You needn't *rusty get*. (*crosses to L.*)

PRINCE. Now, ladies, try.

(*the LADIES try, through DANDINI's soliloquy*)

DANDI. The frowns of fortune I may yet defy.

The slipper is too small for any here.

His fortune must be mine, it's very clear—

Clear as that slipper, so compact and small,

Which, though it's glass, I can't see through at all.

It's, I admit, beyond my comprehension.

In vain they try, glass has no powers of tension.

(*the last LADY gives it up in despair*)

Rapture !

PRINCE. In vain they try, it none will fit !

BARON. (*gleefully*) Ha, ha ! Then no one's got him.

*Enter BUTTONI, suddenly from L., leaving CINDERELLA in the shabby clothes.—chord.*

CLORIN. Oh, agony !

THISBE. Oh, rage !

BARON. Oh, grief !—oh, shame !

CIND. I'll try the slipper, if it's all the same.

DANDI. Was ever such presumption---it's absurd !

PRINCE. Hey, sirrah ! should I break my princely word !

(*to CINDERELLA*) Come forward !

BUTT. (*aside, to CINDERELLA*) Cheer up ! you've no need to tremble.

DANDI. (*aside*) As I've heard some one say, "I must dissemble."

(*politely to CIND.*) Let me assist to put it on, miss, do.

CIND. Thank'ee—I'll not be put upon by you.



For all my rivals I care not one pin;  
 My foot, I'm certain, must go in and win.  
*(places slipper on easily)* It fits exactly.

ALL. Hah!

PRINCE. *(rapturously)* Then all can see  
 That you must be a fitting wife for me.  
 Come to a husband's heart of hearts, "ma bella,"  
 My joy, my pride, my bride, my Cinderella!  
*(CINDERELLA throws herself into Prince's arms)*

BARON, Am I awake?

DANDI. Have I my senses got?

CLORIN. Have I imbibed too much champagne—or what?

BARON. Explain.

*Enter FAIRY QUEEN, L. C., down C.*

FAIRY Q. Leave that to me, as by the ears

~~You seem to be a fairy friend appears,~~  
~~As often as at old Christmas time the case is,~~  
~~To put all parties in their proper places.~~

*(to BARON)* You in your youngest daughter's triumph see  
 How very chary a papa should be  
 In making favourites; ~~she never heard,~~  
~~Save upon rare occasions, kindly word,~~  
*(to CLORINDA and THISBE)* You two have learned the truth  
 of that good old

Proverb, that "all that glitters is not gold."

*(to DANDINI)* And to the truth of this *you* can attest—  
 That those who highest fly fall heaviest.

*(to PRINCE)* You, Prince, have learnt, and learnt the lesson  
 well,

A diamond, though cased in rugged shell,  
 Is still a diamond. The Baron's daughter  
 Will prove a jewel of the purest water.  
 Set her within your heart, and wear through life  
 That matchless ornament—a loving wife.

*(Music—Scene changes)*

CIND. (*to Audience*) Ere our fantastic piece of nonsense ends,  
Let's hope no wayward shafts have wounded friends.  
We strive but to shoot folly as it flies;  
Aim not at being wonderful or wise;  
Have no intention but to raise a smile,  
And a spare hour or two with mirth beguile:  
If we've no power the universe to charm,  
We are too small to do the world much harm:  
And if we've sinned, forth Cinderella stands  
To beg forgiveness at your generous hands.

*Finale—"Dixey's Land" (Buckley's Plantation Song and Dance).*

PRINCE. Oh, put us out of our miserie.  
CLOR. And friendly let your verdict be.  
CHORUS. Give a hand—give a hand—give a hand!  
Give a hand.  
BARON. Upon our efforts look not glum.  
CIND. But recommend your friends to come—  
CHORUS. To the Strand—to the Strand—to the Strand!  
To the Strand.  
DANDI. Oh, give your hands a hit—see—  
So—oh!  
THISBE. { Pray hit your hands—you understand—  
BUTT. { To show you some small wit see.  
CHORUS. Give a hand—give a hand—  
It does not hurt a bit see.

(*general dance*)

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